we used to make fun of kids marrying young, but it's not as funny when it's someone you loved

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/51645334.

Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Relationship:
Tommy Hagan/Steve Harrington

Characters:
Tommy Hagan, Steve Harrington, Nancy Wheeler, Carol Perkins

Additional Tags:
Hurt No Comfort, Tommy Hagan Needs a Hug, Unrequited Love, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Tommy Hagan Has a Crush on Steve Harrington, Past Tommy Hagan/Carol Perkins, Hurt Tommy Hagan, Jealous Tommy Hagan, Minor Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, no happy ending, Unless I decide to write a part two but probs not bcus I like pain

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2023-11-17 Words: 940 Chapters: 1/1

we used to make fun of kids marrying young, but it's not as funny when it's someone you loved

by freddimercurys

Summary

Tommy gets a text containing a wedding invite from his old friend Steve in the middle of the night.

OR

I heard a song on TikTok that punched me right in the stommy feels so I had to write a blurb on it.

Notes

if you're interested in the song, it's called 'why did you invite me to your wedding' by kevin atwater. someone pls feel this pain with me okay bye

See the end of the work for more notes

Hey, Toms. We're getting married on the 6th of November. Want you to come, man. Miss you.

It was the last message Tommy had been expecting to see when he opened his eyes that morning. He hadn't heard from Steve in years, basically since they graduated from high school. He'd moved out to Chicago for college and Steve stayed home to work in Starcourt mall and get a place with Nancy Wheeler, a girl he'd never liked and who he blamed for the wedge that had been driven between him and Steve.

They'd been best friends since kindergarten and had been inseparable until she'd come into the picture. Carol, Tommy's old high school girlfriend, hadn't been able to stand her, either. Her reasoning was different, though. She claimed Nancy changed Steve for the worst and had made him a 'total bore'.

He and Carol broke up a few weeks before he moved away from home and he hadn't talked to her since, either. He followed her social media, of course, and he was happy to see that she was in a loving relationship with whom she had two dogs and a small business that seemed to be booming.

There was a new set of people he called his friends now; a new person that held the position Steve once did. And yet, it didn't feel the same. His heart still ached for Steve.

I could go out there, he thought. *I could show up at their door and beg him not to marry her. I could remind him of that sleepover, and he'll change his mind, and he won't be with her anymore. He'll be with me. Finally.*

The sleepover was a memory Tommy had to lock away in a box in the back of his mind to keep from dwelling on and thinking of too much.

It was the night they'd kissed while having a midnight picnic in the woods in the back of Steve's house.

It was *right* after Steve first got with Nancy. Right before everything changed.

They'd been drinking watered down liquor from Steve's dad's cabinet, and eating PB&J sandwiches filled with potato chips (Tommy's idea), and talking about what they were going to do after they graduated in two years, when somehow they'd wound up kissing. And *then* that turned into Steve hovering over Tommy while Tommy laid on his back in the damp moss, Steve brushing his hair out of his freckled face and whispering that he was the most beautiful boy he'd ever seen before kissing him again.

Sometimes Tommy thought he'd dreamt it, because they'd never spoken about it, not even once, and the day after Steve was on a date with Nancy and Tommy was left feeling like a shameful secret.

That was nearing a decade ago. He wondered if Steve remembered it, if he'd been thinking about it when he'd sent the text at 1 in the morning.

I need to see you. Tommy typed out, but then he deleted the words before he could press send. *I fucking love you, Steve. I've always loved you. Please don't marry her.* But then he was deleting that one, too, and his thumbs wouldn't form anymore words on his phone.

So he didn't answer.

He tucked his phone into his pocket and went to work, where he couldn't focus on anything except trying to come up with what he'd say back.

He still didn't answer when he got home from work, or that night, or the next day, or the next day after that. He just kept staring at the text that had been sent at 1:07AM and wishing Steve would call him and ask why he hadn't answered, but he didn't.

The following week he saw Steve posted on his social media that he was excited to announce they were expecting a baby the following year. Included in the post was a picture of an ultrasound, and on it was a date. The date was September 27th.

Steve had sent his message September 28th at 1:07AM. Tommy quickly realized he'd sent the text a few hours after getting confirmation that his soon to be wife was expecting.

I need you. He typed and then deleted. *Fuck you, Steve. Fuck you for doing this. Fuck you for marrying her and having a baby with her and building a life with her. Fuck you. I wish you'd choose me.* Deleted again. *I'm happy for you.* Delete. Delete. Delete.

And then his thumb moved to click on Steve's contact information. Right at the bottom, beneath his information, were two options: delete contact, and block contact.

His thumb hit the block button.

Do you really want to block this contact?

"No," he said out loud, and he realized he was crying. Not just a few tears, but really crying. The kind of crying that plugged up your nose and gave you a headache. "But I have to." Because if he didn't, he would ruin a family. He would make Nancy cry and split up a kid's

parents before the child was even born. His finger hit the yes button.

Contact blocked.

And then there were the social media accounts: facebook, instagram, twitter. Blocked, blocked, blocked. Email? Blocked. Parents' home phone number? Blocked. Nancy’s socials and numbers? Blocked. He even blocked the chick he knew was Steve’s newest best friend, Robin Buckley, and the dorky guy named Dustin that Steve always posted about. All blocked.

And then he went to the kitchen, and he watered down a glass of liquor and made himself a PB&J stuffed with potato chips, and he cried.

End Notes

if you made it this far, you're a real one and i love u

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!